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We Pick Ourselves Undone

by kuropit

Summary

Robin and Chrom had been together for a while now, but they've never slept a night together at Robin's request.

Notes

I've never written a fanfic before outside of a few silly little things years ago so this should be.... interesting [sweats]
Also: I don't know how tents work

See the end of the work for more notes

Robin lifted his heavy eyes from his desk littered with maps and notes to glance out the small slit in his tent. The first dusty rays of light of the morning were beginning to filter in as he slowly brought his hands up to run through his disheveled white hair, yawning sluggishly.

"Morning already." He almost whispered, his throat dry and hoarse. Rolling his shoulders, he lifted himself off the small chair he'd been sat at for the entire night and brought himself over to the mirror settled over in a corner of the tent, propped up behind a tub of soap and water. This was all the shepherds had when it came to hygiene while they were travelling, normally they'd stop for the night somewhere with a water source nearby that they can bathe properly in, but yesterdays march had been especially long and arduous and everyone was ready to drop whenever. And they did; the party making their way to their personal tents the second they were constructed. The entire

camp had fallen into eerie silence in a matter of minutes.

Though Robin's tent remained dimly lit for the entire night. Not so much that anyone would notice it was illuminated, but enough to keep his heavy lids from falling. It'd been that way for the past few days; he couldn't bring himself to sleep. Whenever he so much as dozed off his mind was infested visions of darkness. All he could see was death and pain. He'd had nightmares before; almost every night since being found by Chrom he'd wake with sweat pouring down his face and his throat tight, but recently they'd been different. He almost... enjoyed them. He was terrified.

It'd been 72 hours since he'd last slept and he felt it. Glancing up into the mirror as he washed his face in the warm water he realised he looked it as well. Eyes sunken into his paler than usual face, cumbersome bags lay under them, much darker than he was sure was healthy. Darker than yesterday as well, he noted. Once he'd bathed his face he carelessly threw up the hood of his thick coat over his messy hair and hollow eyes, as if that would do anything to disguise his exhaustion. He was sure no one would notice much less take interest; however there was one shepherd he was certain would acknowledge his sorry state and it was the last person he wanted to.

Chrom was always an early riser, he often found himself naturally waking just as the sun began to rise. He blinked open his eyes and rubbed a hand over his face. Stretching his neck to look over to the other side of his bed he almost expected *him* to still be there. Of course he wasn't. He never was. They'd been together for months now and they'd never woken up together; Robin always leaving for his own tent just before they go to sleep. He let out a heavy breath he didn't know he'd been holding as he thought about that. They were intimate as any other couple, sure, but when it came to actually spending a night together Robin hesitant at best.

There was always something he came up with that let him slink back to his own tent. 'I've got planning to do for the march tomorrow', 'I left all my blankets at my tent', 'I've arranged an early morning sparring session'. Chrom had heard pretty much every excuse from his partner, and he knew they were all lies, yet he couldn't bring himself to query any deeper and let it slide. For months.

Recently though he'd noticed Robin acting differently. He seemed more sluggish in the past few days, his usually chipper personality almost wearing away. He suspected he just wasn't getting enough sleep; gods forbid they ran into and risen any time soon. Overworking would be the death of that man. Chrom let out another long breath.

The prince sunk his head into the pillow resting on the other side of the bed, breathing in deeply. It still smelled of Robin from last night when they were laying here, not long before he'd hastily made his way back to his own tent as per routine. He rolled himself out of bed and shrugged on his clothes and armour. He could faintly smell breakfast being prepared in the mess tent, which made him suddenly aware of the emptiness of his stomach. Glancing back over his shoulder to the empty bed he pulled open the tent flap and made his way.

"Robin!" The prince called from across the tent as he entered, noticing the shorter man picking at a piece of bread lifelessly. His hood, Chrom noticed, was uncharacteristically up; thrown over his head and hiding his face. Robin looked up at that, and then quickly away again as Chrom drifted over to sit beside him. There was no one else present this early, as Chrom normally found it when he awoke. Although Stahl was clumsily preparing food the other side of the tent since he was on breakfast duty.

Robin shot a quick smile to Chrom, thought it faded back into a thin line after a second. He kept his head down, still toying with his food. Chrom snaked an arm over the white haired man's shoulder, who flinched at the touch.

Chrom was taken aback by that. "R-Robin?" He was met with his arm being shrugged off as a reply. "What's the matter?" He asked, trying to sound as soothing as possible. When there was no response Chrom pulled down the dark hood that was concealing his face. At that Robin jumped back, head spinning around to meet Chrom's gaze.

"Gods! You look- Are you alright? Robin?" The tactician grimaced at that. Chrom brushed a thumb under his eye and pulled his face up. "Did you sleep last night?"

Another shrug.

"Gods, Robin, talk to me! You'll kill yourself like this! When was the last time you even slept at all?"

Robin's eyes met Chrom's at that. "A few... days."

Chrom sighed, his gaze still scrutinising Robin's tired features. "I had work to do." He mumbled. The prince raised his eyebrows and turned away from his partner.

"No matter how much work you do you'll be no use to the shepherds - to me - when you die of exhaustion." Robin let out a weary laugh. This was such a Chrom reaction.

The taller man heard that, and let out a breath himself, shaking his head and turning back to Robin, who stiffened.

Voices from outside became much louder as the tent opened and more shepherds began pouring in for breakfast. Robin shot a smile to Chrom, and rested his head on his shoulder as he exhaled wearily and went back to picking apart the bread on his plate.

"Promise me, Robin," He felt his headrest shift as Chrom looked down to him. "You'll tell me anything." The tactician closed his eyes at this.

"I've nothing to hide from you, Chrom. I swear it."

The plan was to begin marching again as soon as possible so the party could make it back to Ylisstol in the next few weeks, and so once breakfast was over the campsite was immediately dismantled and repacked. Once that was done the shepherds set off again, reluctantly beginning another day of seemingly endless walking.

The sun beat down on the company relentlessly the entire day, little relief being found periodically from shade under trees. Many of the shepherds shed their excess layers of clothing, even Robin discarded his signature coat in an attempt to keep cool, instead keeping it tucked over his arm as he marched. Chrom kept an eye on him throughout the day. His face was flushed and white hairs stuck to his face with sweat rather ungraciously; he looked even worse than that morning. It didn't help that he looked so frail without his usual thick coat on, had Chrom actually seen him eat anything at breakfast? Wracking his brain he almost didn't notice the tactician swaying slightly before keeling over completely. He was nonetheless at his side in an instant.

Robin's eyes fluttered open and he felt himself being pulled up. "Hm..?" He let out a confused groan. "Chrom?"

"It's alright." A low, anxious voice called down. He was hoisted up into the prince's arms where he clung onto his clothes for dear life, his vision still blurred.

They'd gathered quite an audience, most of the shepherds having flocked over to see what had

happened. Lissa pushing forward through the small crowd calling out for Robin.

"It's alright! I'm here! You're safe Robin!" The spirited girl almost crashed into the couple as she bounded over to them, stave in hand. "It's okay, Lissa." Robin breathed as he backed away from Chrom, wavering slightly. Chrom took both his shoulders in his hands, securing him. "It's okay, I'm- I'm okay." He punctuated with a faint smile.

Lissa pouted, not convinced, but Chrom's glance over to her let her know it was fine and she ushered the shepherds to keep moving.

"Really now? You're sure you're alright?" Chrom moved his head below Robin's, eyes fixated on his partners heavy, pale face. The boy's mouth smiled again, though his brown eyes didn't. "Yes, it's just this heat. I'll survive." Chrom slowly moved his hands down from Robin's shoulders and pulled at the coat still hung over his arm. "That and the fact you haven't slept." He affirmed, too seriously. Robin didn't respond to this as his coat was taken out of his arms and slung over Chrom's shoulder. It was heavy, he was relieved but he didn't want to be some sorry case; it was bad enough that the nightmares had kept him awake this long and caused him to falter, now he was being given special attention because of it.

Lost in his thoughts the tactician didn't notice a hand take hold of his own. Startled, he looked down, to see his partners fingers gently entwine his own, gloved hand. He thought for a second about what was under the glove; the mark. Then he thought about the dreams. The death. All because of that mark. "Robin," His head quickly snapped up to Chrom's. The prince's brow furrowed as he looked down at the white haired man.

"We should get moving, they set off again without us remember." Robin rasped.

Chrom nodded at this, pulling Robin closer to him by the hand.

End Notes

[SWEATING] Just take it... take it now.....

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